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Golden Rule
1889

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States

THE COMMANDERY-IN-CHIEF

IN MEMORIAM

General Philip Henry Sheridan

UNITED STATES ARMY

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*“ His intrepid courage, his steadfast patriotism and the generosity of
his nature inspired with peculiar warmth the admiration of the people.
Above his grave, affection for the man and pride in his achievements will struggle
for mastery, and too much honor cannot be accorded to one who was so
richly endowed with all the qualities which make his death a national loss.”*

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN.

Cadet U.S. Military Academy July 1, 1848; Brevet Second Lieutenant 1st U.S. Infantry July 1, 1853; Second Lieutenant 4th Infantry November 22, 1854; First Lieutenant March 1, 1861; Captain 13th Infantry May 14, 1861; vacated commission October 12, 1864.

Brigadier-General U.S. Army September 20, 1864; Major-General U.S. Army November 8, 1864, "for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops, displayed by him on the nineteenth day of October, at Cedar Run, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, his routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battles within thirty days."

The Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, Resolved (joint resolution approved February 9, 1865), that the thanks of Congress are hereby tendered

"To Major-General P. H. Sheridan and the officers and soldiers under his command, for the gallantry, military skill, and courage displayed in the brilliant series of victories achieved by them in the valley of the Shenandoah, and especially for their services at Cedar Run on the nineteenth day of October, 1864, which retrieved the fortunes of the day and thus averted a great disaster."

Lieutenant-General U.S. Army March 4, 1869; vacated commission June 1, 1888.

General U.S. Army June 1, 1888.

Colonel 2d Michigan Cavalry May 25, 1862; discharged for promotion September 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General U.S. Volunteers July 1, 1862; Major-General December 31, 1862; vacated commission in volunteer service November 8, 1864.

Elected May 6, 1868, in the Commandery of Pennsylvania. Class 1. Insignia 750.

Transferred to Commandery of Illinois May 1, 1879—Charter member.

Commander of the Commandery of Illinois May 8, 1879, to November 7, 1883.

Transferred to Commandery of District of Columbia October 20, 1886.

Commander-in-Chief of the Order October 20, 1886, to August 5, 1888.

Born March 6, 1831, at Albany, N. Y.

Died August 5, 1888, at Nonquitt, Mass.

Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.
COMMANDERY-IN-CHIEF.

CIRCULAR NO. 7. }
Series of 1888. }

HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA, August 6, 1888.

I. The Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief with profound sorrow announces the death on Sunday, August 5, 1888, of Companion General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN, Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

II. His history is a part of the history of the country, and it is needless to recite it to those who have venerated him so long.

III. Appropriate action will be taken by the Commanderies of the Order, and as a testimony of respect, the colors will be draped for six months.

By command of

Brevet Major-General RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, U.S.V.,
Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief,
Commanding.

JOHN P. NICHOLSON,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.V.,
Recorder-in-Chief.

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Pennsylvania

In the death of General Philip H. Sheridan the United States Army has lost a great commander, the nation has lost a great citizen, and the world has lost a great soldier.

General Sheridan won his way to a rank held by only two predecessors, and that at an earlier age than either of them. His military career, from the time when his superior ability was first clearly recognized in the third year of the Civil War, was unprecedented in the rapidity of its brilliant progress. No position in which he ever found himself seemed to tax his powers to their utmost. He was always competent to the occasion, with a suggestion of reserve-power far beyond the immediate call upon him. It was what he was capable of, beyond even all that he compassed, that justified the careful estimate of him by General Grant when he said, "As a soldier, as a commander of troops, as a man capable of doing all that is possible with any number of men, there is no man greater than Sheridan. He belongs to the very first rank of soldiers, not only of our country but of the world."

The clearness of perception, the range of mental vision, the swiftness of decision, the power of combination, the comprehensiveness of intellectual grasp, and all the other high qualities which went to make General Sheridan the great soldier he was shown to be, would doubtless have given him exceptional power in other spheres of administrative and executive action; but he had no ambitions beyond the bounds of his chosen patriotic profession, and it was in evident sincerity that he refused to entertain a suggestion of being chosen by his fellow-citizens to the highest office within their gift. His soldier-thought was ever of soldier-service, and as a soldier he served his country to the end.

An element of General Sheridan's greatness which endeared him to the hearts of all who knew him was the simplicity and child-likeness of his noble nature. Unaffected, free from place-seeking, without personal vanity or pride of position, kindly in spirit, and tender-

hearted as a woman, he was loved as sincerely as he was honored and admired ; and in his death he is no less mourned for what he was, than remembered gratefully for what he did. Nor can any feel his loss more deeply, or more truly sympathize with the bereaved members of his immediate family than his companions of the Loyal Legion, who pay this affectionate tribute of regard to his memory, as they look back with grateful pride upon the record of his high achievements in the sphere of his patriotic life-work.

JOHN F. HARTRANFT,
Brevet Major-General U. S. V.
HENRY M. HOYT,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.
LEWIS MERRILL,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.
WILLIAM H. HARRISON,
Brevet Colonel U. S. V.
HAMPTON S. THOMAS,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. V.
SYLVESTER BONNAFFON, JR.,
Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. V.
J. EDWARD CARPENTER,
Brevet Major U. S. V.
H. CLAY TRUMBULL,
Chaplain 10th Conn. Infantry.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of New York

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of New York

At a meeting of this Commandery the following report of a committee appointed at a special meeting to draft resolutions relative to the death of Companion General Philip H. Sheridan was adopted :

Resolved, In the War of the Rebellion the services of General Sheridan were a contribution of distinct and priceless value to the preservation of the country. Not the least of that service was the animating and exalted force of his example, inciting at once to energy and to self-control, to ambition and to generosity, and above all to a patriotic manhood.

His later years have disclosed that his abilities in war were only not greater than his worth in easier times and in the personal walks of life.

The ties which bind us here endeared to us at once his greatness and his worth. In this Association he was our fitting chief, and as our chief his death has given us a memory of him which is our own.

From his country to her General, and from us to our Commander, it is due that his qualities be cherished with his memory. Reciprocating his affection, we commend him reverently to God, who made him what he was to our country and to us.

His widow and his children have in us the little heritage of an affectionate solicitude, and we tender to them in their sorrow this tribute to our friend.

WAGER SWAYNE,

Brevet Major-General U. S. A.

CHARLES A. CARLETON,

Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.

ROBERT BOYD,

Captain U. S. N.

HORATIO C. KING,

Brevet Colonel U. S. V.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Maine

In Memoriam

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PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Maine

The Commandery of Maine has heard with the profoundest sorrow of the death of Philip Henry Sheridan, the General of the Army of the United States and the Commander of our Order, who died on the fifth of August last, at Nonquitt, in Massachusetts.

His name remains with imperishable renown in the annals of this nation and in the history of free government. Associated with the greatest of the heroes of the Union, he has immortalized the contest for its preservation with the most brilliant of its victories. The battle-fields of the land are glorious with his patriotism, his valor, his judgment and his skill. At Murfreesboro he checked an advancing and victorious enemy. Chattanooga witnessed his assault of Missionary Ridge and the overthrow of Bragg's centre. In Virginia he showed the world a great cavalry leader, and swept from the path of the Army of the Potomac the gallant horsemen of Stuart, and destroyed their commander. Appointed to the command of an army, he proved himself a great general, gaining three victories in one campaign; and at Cedar Creek, bringing no reinforcement but his own heroic soul, he routed a triumphant enemy with an army that had been beaten in the morning. He conquered at Five Forks, and at Appomattox he cut off the retreat of Lee.

The nation which he did so much to save appointed him the General of its army amid the applause of his former adversaries. He died in full possession of that genius which made him a shield for his country and a thunderbolt to its enemies.

Like the great commanders by whose side he served, his sword was drawn only in defence of the Union and of constitutional government. Illustrious as were his deeds, he became with peace a model citizen, and vindicated the institutions of equality and freedom.

The members of this Order, proud of the fame of their great companion, and proud of their association with him in the cause of liberty and union, will ever cherish his memory and seek to extend those principles of the Order which he so nobly illustrated.

FRANCIS FESSENDEN, Brevet Major-General U. S. A.

SELDEN CONNOR, Brigadier-General U. S. V.

JARED A. SMITH, Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Massachusetts

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Massachusetts

The following tribute to the memory of General Philip Henry Sheridan, U. S. A., was offered by Companion Brevet Major-General Charles Devens, and was adopted by a unanimous vote.

Mr. Commander and Companions:

As we gather at our first autumnal meeting, there is a shadow thrown over it by the reflection that since we last assembled we have been called to part with the illustrious soldier who was the head of our national organization. In obedience to the direction of our Commander, I rise to speak some words, inadequate though they must be, of him and of the love and honor in which we held him.

If the hour of friendly intercourse, when hand clasps hand in affectionate recognition, is saddened, it is dignified also by the remembrance of what he has been to the country of which we, in our more humble capacity, as well as he, have been soldiers. We would recall him to-night not in sorrow only, but in honor, in gratitude for what we have received, not less than in regret for what we have lost. He is but a little in advance on the path we all must travel, as the great historic events in which we have been actors pass into history. It is agreeable to remember that he was the guest of this Commandery for a few days during the past winter, when each one of us enjoyed his cordial greeting. His life ebbed away, too, on the shores of the southern bay of Massachusetts, where he had made his summer home, and it was the sad privilege of some of our companions to aid in bearing his remains to the train which was to conduct them to our national capital, there to rest forever among those who have offered their lives for the Republic.

The occasion is not adapted for an elaborate address. Yet you will pardon me if I briefly touch on some of the events in the career of General Sheridan, for of him it may properly be said that his deeds are his eulogy.

Born at Somerset, in Ohio, on March 6, 1831, he graduated from

West Point in the class of 1853. He was a captain in the Thirteenth Infantry at the beginning of the war, and for more than a year thereafter rendered staff duty which, if valuable, called for ability of quite a different order from that which he subsequently displayed. It was not until the twenty-seventh of May, 1862, that he received an appointment as Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. This gave him the first opportunity for the display of his abilities in the field, and they were not long concealed. Joining with his regiment in the operations which accompanied the evacuation of Corinth, his dash, vigor and judgment were at once recognized. On the first of July, in command as colonel of a brigade of cavalry, composed of but two regiments (one his own), at Booneville, in Mississippi, some twenty miles in front of our main army, he was attacked by General Chalmers with a force of some five or six thousand men—at least three times his own number. This little battle, now almost forgotten when so many larger conflicts arrest the attention, was one of the most remarkable in the war, for it ended not only in his beating off the enemy but in putting him to utter rout. Here he won his first star and his commission as brigadier. Were there time to recall the details of it you would recognize how fully it shows the characteristics he afterwards exhibited on larger fields. As a general he was essentially aggressive. If compelled to fight, having inferior numbers to his adversary, he yet held it was better to attack than to wait to receive one. Self-confident, but in no vain-glorious way, naturally sanguine and full of resources, his fiery and almost audacious courage suggested to him plans which might have seemed rash but that his vigor in execution demonstrated that they could be successfully carried out. He said, in conversation here last winter, "Some generals, and pretty good ones, too, fight a battle so that they shall be sure not to be beaten themselves, but I always fight to beat the other man." This was the key to his tactics and his success. It was from "the nettle danger" that, like Hotspur, he strove to "pluck the flower safety." Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that he lacked prudence. In all that wariness and skill could do to accomplish his results he was never wanting.

We speak of General Sheridan often as a cavalry general, but for more than a year and a half after the battle to which I have alluded he commanded infantry, and his subsequent command of the Army of the Shenandoah, and his conduct of the pursuit of Lee, show how thoroughly he understood each of the great arms of the service.

In September, 1862, he was transferred to a division in the Army of the Ohio, fighting in the successful battle of Perryville, under Buell.

Assigned to a division in the Army of the Cumberland, at Murfreesborough, in December, 1862, he bore his part most gallantly under Rosecrans in that terrible and at first doubtful day. The battle went against us in the wing of the army where his division fought, and after repulsing four successive attacks it was finally compelled to fall back to a position where he rallied it and held it firmly against the enemy, who tried in vain to complete the victory, and who were the next day obliged to abandon the field. For his skilful handling of his troops he received the warmest praise of Rosecrans, who recommended him for promotion as a major-general, which was promptly accorded.

At Chickamauga, in September of the following year, he still commanded a division of the Army of the Cumberland. The defeat received there by us was on the whole, in its anticipated results, the most serious ever inflicted on the Union arms, for it threatened destruction to our control of the Mississippi Valley, which had been won at so much expense of blood and treasure. Sheridan's own division was in the worst of the disaster. No man had ever greater power of inspiring the troops under him with confidence in himself, and with breathing into them the fire of his own courage, than he. That magnetic quality soldiers who may deservedly be called great from their powers to plan campaigns, and from their strategic capacity, sometimes lack, but no man without it can be on the field a successful general. All that General Sheridan possessed was needed on that day, and was well used. While the stern bravery of Thomas held firmly on his part of the line, Sheridan succeeded in rallying his broken troops, in reforming his line, and was advancing to support Thomas when he received the order to remain where he was, and allow the army to fall back on him. The day which could not be redeemed from defeat was thus rescued from rout and utter disaster.

It was at the great battle of Chattanooga, on Missionary Ridge, which followed some two months later, that General Grant is believed to have first seen Sheridan's command under fire, and to have begun to form the opinion which he afterwards entertained, that he was unsurpassed in the world as a general on the field and in the immediate command of troops. The defeat of Chickamauga had been received with dismay, but the battle of Chattanooga, one of the most important won by Grant, not only restored our position, but opened the way for Sherman's march to Atlanta. On the day of the battle the Army of the Cumberland, then under Thomas, held the centre of the line, and when the hour for the assault came its troops, among whom the divisions of Wood and Sheridan were foremost, rushed up the mountain

wall, clambering from ridge to ridge with a furious energy which swept all before them. Sheridan used to say, jestingly, that he never knew who ordered such an assault as that, and that "his division that day got away from him." It certainly did not get far away, as he, too, was up when it crowned the mountain crest, fully prepared to direct the stern pursuit of the retreating foe. It had in fact been intended, after taking the first line of the enemy's works, to halt and reform, but the blood of the Army of the Cumberland was up, and in the presence of Hooker on the right with his Potomac troops, and Sherman on the left with those from Mississippi, it was ready to show itself worthy of those who had come so far to its support.

General Sheridan came to the east with General Grant on the appointment of the latter to the command of all the armies of the Union. The Army of the Shenandoah was formed to be placed under his command late in the summer of 1864. Without alluding except by name to Opequan, Winchester, and Fisher's Hill, the battle of Cedar Creek, as illustrating his vast power over men, and his courage under circumstances the most adverse, must be mentioned in any sketch of him, however imperfect. His army was skilfully attacked in his absence, one division utterly surprised, and all gradually forced back until in some portions of his army the retreat had become a rout. Twenty miles away he heard the roar of the conflict, and waiting for no aides or guards he started at once for the field. His very progress was blocked as he neared the field by fugitives, to all of whom he cried, "Go back, go back to your regiments! we will sleep in our old camps to-night!" until, for very shame, his voice was listened to. As he reached the field, the rout to some extent had been checked, and two divisions had always stood resolute and firm. His presence on the field was an inspiration, regiment after regiment getting into position, men who could not find their own regiments going into others willingly, all animated by the fire of this daring spirit, who seemed to have come upon the scene as in the Roman mythology the war-god himself descended when the battle seemed lost to his children. The line was reformed, and firmly he awaited the last assault of the Confederate troops, which, vigorously made, was sternly repulsed. And now his own time had come. Riding down his line, received with rapturous cheers by men some of whom had been fugitives but a few hours before but now were ready to die for such a leader as he cried, "We are going back to the camps we left; we will have back every inch of ground we lost; every inch, remember!" the word for the assault

was given, all that had been lost was regained, and General Early again went "whirling up the Valley."

I do not pretend to be a very wide or accurate reader of military history, but I believe it contains no account of any battle utterly lost that has been redeemed by the wisdom, the valor, the inspiration that came from only one man. Great fields have indeed often been recovered by the opportune arrival of fresh troops led by a competent general. Marengo, which Napoleon always felt to be one of the greatest of his victories, seemed at the middle of the day so clearly lost that the Austrian general had retired to his tent, leaving the pursuit to his second in command. General Desaix, who had been despatched in a different direction, had marched at the sound of the cannon and without orders, at once to the scene of the conflict. Behind him were more than ten thousand of the best troops of the French army. "What do you think of the battle, Desaix?" said Bonaparte to him. "I think, General Bonaparte, this battle is lost, but before nightfall, with myself and my troops, you will be sure to win another." The result proved the accuracy of his prediction, although the brave soldier who uttered it gave his own life to verify it. But at Cedar Creek, out of a broken, dispirited, almost formless mob, one man alone had re-created an army, had filled it full with his own patriotic courage, and led it to victory over a foe flushed with success, to which it had yielded seven or eight miles of ground. If Sheridan swore a little while he was doing this, as Dr. Bartol thinks he may have done, I am altogether of the reverend doctor's opinion also, that he swore in sustaining a great and holy cause, that of his country, and I trust that the accusing angel did not deem it necessary to write down every hot word against him.

In this matter of swearing some injustice has been done General Sheridan. The makers of anecdotes spice them high, and do not shrink from slight exaggeration. Remember what a battle-field is, that it is no place for calm discussion, but for instant action. If in such moments he used some of those expletives in which the English language is said to be peculiarly rich, remember the intense excitement and ardent passion in which he had to speak. In no sense was General Sheridan a coarsely or vulgarly profane man, far less was he a contemner or despiser of sacred things. He was faithful to the church in which he had been reared, respectful to its ordinances and its ministers always.

It was the intention of General Grant not only to defeat Lee in the spring of 1865—which in an earlier stage of the war would have

been enough—but to compel his surrender. It would have been a grave disaster if escaping he could unite with Johnston, and moving towards the southwest could continue the war. In such a struggle, which would turn out to be finally a race between swiftly-moving bodies of troops, the cavalry would play a most important part. To command this and the infantry which would from time to time support it General Sheridan came from the Valley of Virginia. In giving his orders to pass to the extreme right of the Confederate army it was contemplated by Grant that in certain contingencies Sheridan might himself be separated from the Potomac army and compelled to move towards Sherman. Observing that Sheridan looked somewhat grave at this, General Grant says in his Memoirs, “I told him that as a matter of fact I intended to close the war right here with this movement, and that it should go no further.” His face at once brightened at this, and slapping his thigh he said, “I am glad to hear it, and we can do it.”

Then followed the attack on the Petersburg line by the Army of the Potomac, while with matchless skill Sheridan at Dinwiddie, Five Forks, Jetersville, and Sailor’s Creek, checked the retreat of Lee to the southward, and at Appomattox closed the last avenue of escape towards the west with his cavalry and the rapidly-moving infantry which sustained it.

His later services, if less splendid than those to which I have called attention, were in a high degree valuable and useful to the country. Made Lieutenant-General in 1869, on the promotion of General Sherman, he succeeded to the command of the army in 1884, and a few months before he died he received by the title of General the highest military rank which the country has ever bestowed.

While I have necessarily spoken only of his military achievements, as we part from this illustrious chieftain let us remember that he was not merely a soldier with a passion for war. He was an intense believer in the high destiny of this nation, in the preservation of the American Union, and a thoroughly patriotic man.

Our citizens of Irish birth and Irish descent have a right to be proud of their record in the civil war and of the many brave men they contributed to our armies. They have a right also to be proud that this great soldier was of their race and blood. He possessed many of the highest qualities which have distinguished the Irish people. Not having the rare gift of eloquence which has been bestowed so largely upon the countrymen of Burke and Grattan, of Curran and O’Connell, speaking always reluctantly before public audiences, and indeed before gatherings of his old comrades, when he did thus speak

his keen wit, his terse expression, gave point always to his utterance. But on the battlefield he had the eloquence of intense feeling. He knew just what to say and how to say it so as to make the deepest impression and ensure the readiest response. There his words, short, abrupt, incisive, came with the directness of rifle-shots, cheering the hesitating, fiercely rebuking the reluctant, and directing the storm with a voice that must be obeyed.

To say that he was brave is little, for the same might be said of thousands of other men. While he was fearless as the sabre that swung by his side, he was wise, regarding the lives of the men he commanded as a trust not to be imperilled except as the result to be expected would justify risk, but when that time came launching his troops on the enemy like a thunderbolt. Not Murat, whose brilliant charges did so much to win so many of Napoleon's battles; not Prince Rupert, whose fiery courage at the head of the English cavaliers almost saved the crown of his royal kinsman, King Charles, had more impetuous valor than he; and neither of them in the fury and rage of the onset had a more sound or unerring judgment.

He was generous; no broken soldier approached him who was not kindly received and cordially welcomed. If sometimes quick in temper, he was readily appeased, for his nature was loving and forgiving.

Not the least interesting or least amiable characteristic of the Irish people is its strong attachment to friends and home and family. It was a marked feature in the character of General Sheridan. He was a tender and loving husband, he was a kind father, he was a grateful and devoted son. A few years ago I had the honor of accompanying General Grant and himself from Detroit, and he left us at a way station in Ohio saying, "Once a year, at least, I try to make a visit to my old mother;" and her death, which took place but a little before his own, was concealed from him on account of the effect it might produce in his then dangerous condition.

But while General Sheridan possessed many of the finest characteristics of the Irish race from which he was descended, while he sympathized warmly, I doubt not, with it in all that it has elsewhere been called to endure, he was essentially in thought and feeling an American. Born upon the soil of the United States and within its allegiance, he knew no country but this as his own. Educated at its expense, he was proud to be one of its children. He was ready to live for it, he was ready to die rather than that one stripe should be erased or one star obscured in its glorious ensign. He was national in feeling to his

very heart's core. When, without joining in the splendid review at Washington, he was sent by Grant with an army corps to the Rio Grande to notify by his presence imperial France that her attempt to break down the republic of Mexico and establish a monarchy there by the bayonets of Europe must cease, he accepted the duty, and his report shows with what alacrity he did it. No notice was ever more vigorously served, or more promptly responded to.

As we render our tribute to-night to this great soldier whom we have a right to call by the tender names of "comrade" and "companion," we are reminded how fast the numbers diminish of those who were permitted to survive the war. Meade and Thomas, the fiery Hooker, the chivalrous Hancock, the head of our Order almost from its organization until his death, Grant himself, in whom is united the just renown of all the armies of the Union, are gone. The fall of the leaders tells how sternly and steadily the artillery of time is doing its work. Yet the land itself is nobler and fairer by reason of the brave men who have been ready to die for it.

"The waters murmur of their name,
The woods are peopled with their fame."

The mountains seem to lift their heads more loftily, and the rivers to move to the sea with a more majestic sweep as they are ennobled by their memory. While that memory lives they are not dead, for they stand as an example to which the humblest is entitled and which the highest cannot afford to despise. They stand as an encouragement to duty and patriotism, and their honor is a part of the inheritance of all their countrymen.

And if, which God avert, war should come to others as it came to us, it may be that at the close of some hotly-contested day, when it shall be determined to finish with the advance of the old flag which he loved and under which he fought so well, when the word "forward" shall be heard from captain to captain along the line, the name of Sheridan, as a watchword and a battle-cry, shall ring from rank to rank and from file to file to inspire all with something of the daring and the courage of this great and heroic soul.

Mr. Commander and Companions, I submit for your consideration to be entered upon our records:

Resolved, That since the last meeting of this Commandery it has learned with profound grief of the decease of General Philip H. Sheridan, commanding the Army of the United States and the head of our

organization, the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. In the full maturity of his powers as a soldier, and surrounded by all that makes life dear, he calmly met and was vanquished by death, the great enemy of man, whose face he had seen without blanching on many a battlefield.

His lofty patriotism and his noble fame are a part of the history of the whole country. Rising from rank to rank, each new occasion, as it threw upon him new and heavier responsibilities, but served to develop higher and greater powers. His magnificent courage, his undaunted firmness in difficulties and even threatened defeat, his keen insight, his rapid perception of the chances and changes of a battle, and his matchless energy, place him as a commander of troops on the field among the greatest soldiers that the world has ever known. His great achievements rendered in the cause of liberty, the constitution and the Union enroll him forever among the immortal names that cannot die while our government shall live. To our countrymen that shall come after us his name shall stand forever as an encouragement to high thought, noble endeavor, and unswerving devotion to their country in every hour of its peril.

While his death is a national loss, in which in its larger aspect his companions can only have their share as citizens, yet as his fellow-soldiers they are entitled lovingly to remember how bravely and wisely he led them on many a bloody day, to recall his simplicity in manners, his cheerful conversation, his cordial grasp of the hand, and to do honor to his loving and generous nature.

Resolved, That the Companions of this Commandery tender to the widow and children of General Sheridan the assurance of their most respectful and deepest sympathy in their great bereavement.

Commandery of the State of California

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of California

Sheridan had the genius of a soldier. He was the American soldier, pure and simple.

Trained to military service in the National Academy, he pursued the profession when the chances of promotion seemed remote.

Army life possessed peculiar charms for him.

He was a close student of the military history of modern times ; during the long peace which went before the outbreak of the Rebellion his mind was wholly prepared for work in the field of action.

When Grant and Sherman had gained their stars, Sheridan was in the Arkansas Campaign, holding the rank of captain ; he was a good captain, though the opportunity had not yet come to him to render conspicuous service.

In the larger scope as colonel of a cavalry regiment, and the leader of an independent expedition, soldierly qualities were so manifested that the attention of army commanders was drawn to him.

The promotion which had seemed so remote came with dazzling rapidity. In each new place he met increased responsibilities and gained new laurels.

He was not ambitious beyond the proper ambition of a soldier. He had three great qualities of a successful commander. He had faith in the cause for which he fought ; he had confidence in the men who followed him ; last, but not least, he had confidence in himself as a leader.

His presence in the field was an inspiration to his soldiers. They had faith in his judgment and admiration for his gallantry. Moreover there was fight in every fibre of the man.

It cannot be said that he was ever defeated. Even at Chickamauga, when the enemy's hordes were pressing and crushing the old Army of the Cumberland, Sheridan, undismayed, gave ample evidence of his ability in the great emergency of battle.

In the world-famed charge that swept the rebel hosts from the crest of Missionary Ridge, he was again the intrepid, fearless soldier.

As leader of an army in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and commander of the cavalry in the field about Richmond, he confronted the veterans of the Confederate army, and astonished his adversaries by his soldierly genius no less than by his superb valor.

The country knew him as the brave and daring Phil. Sheridan. The loyal people of the nation honor the memory of this great patriot and heroic soldier. His example will speak to future generations.

W. H. L. BARNES,

ALEX. G. HAWES,

Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.V.

W. R. SMEDBERG,

Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel U.S.A.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Wisconsin

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Wisconsin

In the prime of his manhood and the zenith of his fame, the General of the Army and the Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States has answered the summons of the Lord of Hosts, and the soldier who never knew surrender to mortal foe has obeyed the mandate of Omnipotence.

No need to dwell upon the story of his honored life. The very name he bore has become among our people the synonym for courage of the highest type, patriotism of the most exalted order, and skill and dash and daring in the field of arms seldom equalled in an age of warriors and never excelled.

From first to last, in the war for the maintenance of the Union, he never struck a faltering blow. It was Sheridan who bore the brunt on many a western field; Sheridan who stemmed the torrent and, stubborn to the last, held firm his shattered ranks at Murfreesboro; Sheridan who rallied the remnants of the stricken right and joined his welcome lines with those of Thomas—the Rock of Chickamauga; Sheridan whose colors foremost swept the heights at Mission Ridge; Sheridan who came from western victories to give the willing cavalry a leader worthy of their steel; Sheridan who snatched a glorious prize from the jaws of fell disaster in the Shenandoah; who sent Early “whirling through Winchester,” who turned the valley of humiliation into a thoroughfare for the triumphant arms of the Union; Sheridan who swept like whirlwind from the mountains down the James; Sheridan who planned and fought and won the last brilliant battle on Virginia soil, snapped the last prop of the Confederacy; and Sheridan who brought to bay the valiant but at last outgeneralled host of Lee, and forced the final fall at Appomattox.

Soldier in every fibre of his being, wise in council, deliberate in preparation but vehement, resistless in attack and indomitable in action, he lived in song and story the very incarnation of battle—the hero of the whole nation.

No words of ours can add to the world-wide chorus telling his

soldier story. Winning, step by step, his way to the head of the nation's soldiery, he has laid down the sword in the fulness of a finished and a glorious life.

To the Military Order of the Loyal Legion his is a loss that time cannot efface. Commander and Companion, he held the love and faith of every man; and now, in sympathy with those on whom his death must fall with even heavier weight, in honor for his heroic traits as soldier and as citizen, we drape our colors in their mourning guise and bow the reverent head in mute acceptance of the mandate from on high; but no grave can rob us of the memory of his peerless deeds, no time can efface the story of his soldierly achievement. We mourn the bitter loss that comes on every loyal heart this day, but we glory in the record of the sword now sheathed forever—there is no death for such a fame as Sheridan's.

GEO. I. ROBINSON,
Commander.

A. ROSS HOUSTON,
Junior Vice-Commander.

CHARLES KING,
Recorder.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Illinois

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Illinois

Again the flags are at half-mast; again the muffled drums are beating. Far from the battlefield, far from the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," amid the peaceful scenes of old New England, a great and loyal soldier sleeps his last sleep.

The General of the Army is dead.

What splendid achievements, what knightly bearing and heroic action, what mighty deeds of valor amid the smoke and flame of hotly contested fields, what glorious recollections of campaign and battle, are recalled by the name of Sheridan!

The Illinois Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion is called upon to mourn the most illustrious member of the Order and one of the foremost Americans of our time. In the death of General Philip H. Sheridan we feel a keen sorrow for the loss of a dear personal friend, as well as of a great and good man, endeared to his countrymen by the noblest qualities of head and heart.

His fame and services are known throughout the world, and they will be handed down to posterity on the brightest page of American history. A great soldier, a leader in war, a winner of battles, a tried counsellor, his career in the great war in which he bore so distinguished a part won the admiration and gratitude of his country, and his genial spirit and good heart won the love and devotion of his friends.

General Sheridan was a man of the people. Of humble origin and great achievements, he illustrated in his life the genius of American institutions; reaching without the aid of fortune the highest success and fame by his own great powers, developed in the simple path of duty and honor. He loved the people, and the people loved him.

Few men in any age have united the great qualities that distinguished General Sheridan—devotion to country, fidelity to duty, honesty of purpose. Keeping close to all of these, he "stood foursquare to all the winds that blew," and neither praise nor censure ever moved him from his great purpose to do the best that was in him for the great work he had in hand.

How truthfully can it be inscribed upon his tomb that his life was a successful one! Failure, to him, was something unknown; success always crowned his efforts—not the result of chance, but the result of that combination of qualities which we call character.

Political ambition possessed no charms for him. His was the life of the soldier in the highest and best sense.

The country has lost one of its greatest and purest men, and a host of Americans have lost a dear friend, the memory of whose great deeds will be cherished as long as history lasts.

LUTHER P. BRADLEY,
WILLIAM E. STRONG,
ARTHUR C. DUCAT,
JUDSON D. BINGHAM,
HUNTINGTON W. JACKSON,
TAYLOR P. RUNDLET,
WILLIAM E. FURNESS,

Committee.



Commandery of the District of Columbia

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the District of Columbia

While this announcement excited emotions in us that are shared by the Army of which he was the head, the Order of which he was the Commander-in-Chief, the survivors of that war in which he was so conspicuous a figure, the country which he served so well, and the whole civilized world whose history he has enriched, yet we of this Commandery, whose companion he was, experience in our bereavement a sorrow peculiar to ourselves. He was one of us; we were members of the same military family; we sat at the same board; he was endeared to us by immediate personal association and fellowship.

These considerations make it fit that while we unite with all who mourn his loss and applaud his memory, we should express our appreciation of his military abilities and achievements, and of his worth as a man, a citizen, and a friend.

History has already begun to write upon her imperishable tablets, in letters that shall never grow dim, those characteristics that rank him with the great soldiers of all time.

Indefatigable—no labor was too onerous for him.

Resolute—no obstacle appalled him.

Alert—no accident surprised him.

Ready—no disappointment foiled him of his purpose.

Observant—no fact escaped him.

Discreet—he knew where his blow should fall.

Provident—he was always equipped.

Impetuous—he was also safe. His infantry charged as if they were cavalry; his cavalry resisted as if they were infantry.

Enthusiastic—his zeal was full of knowledge.

Studious of the situation, aware of every accident of position that made for or against him, he was as careful to turn the impregnable as he was eager to carry the assailable.

His maps were scored with highways of attack and thoroughfares of victory. He never went into battle that he did not intend and expect and believe he would win. He “fought to end our fighting,” and every blow told.

A commander, he was also a leader; a leader, he was also a comrade. Whether by command, or exhortation, or persuasion, or example, or by all these combined, he so impressed himself upon his forces that they became an obedient weapon, responsive to his resistless purpose. To have served under Sheridan was to have served with him; to have served with him was to have served for him and as a part of him.

He was his own reserve, which was always in action. From the overflowing abundance of his own personality he succored his hard-pressed troops with the reinforcement of himself. His phrases were watchwords; his dispatches were campaigns; his orders rang like a trumpet and cut like a sabre. The horse he rode became a poem; the hat he wore a relic.

Take the roll of cavalry commanders from Alexander down. Some may have had larger opportunity; some may have, singly, excelled him in some one quality; but none of them, judged by the full accomplishment of the tasks set for him, was the superior of Sheridan. It was the judgment of a friendly expert, to be sure, but still the judgment of an expert, that led Grant to say after Cedar Creek, "This victory stamps Sheridan as what I have always thought him—one of the ablest of generals." Competent students have pronounced the battle of Five Forks "the most perfect battle in its tactics ever delivered in Virginia."

It is useless to speculate upon what he might have done, or would have done, had he been during the War of the Rebellion, as he was but just now, the General-in-Chief of the Army. It is enough to know, as we do know, that he was equal to every emergency, and rose to the full height of every duty the war laid upon him.

As Addison wrote of Marlborough, his

"Exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own light;
Raised of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most."

He was more than a soldier. He was a patriot. Every pulse of that fast-beating heart of his throbbed with love to his country, as every nerve was tense with martial ardor. The republic he did so much to preserve in its integrity—purified, cleansed, ennobled and regenerated by the war—he loved with all the force of his intense nature.

In the exercise of combined civil and military authority the same prompt and decisive energy he had shown in the field distinguished his action in behalf of the honor, as he saw it, of the Union whose servant he was. To that Union he gave the unquestioned and unquestioning loyalty of a lover.

As a friend, true, hearty, and abiding, social and companionable, his humor bubbled over irresistibly.

As a husband and a father, beloved and tender.

How inestimable is the loss of that stricken family !

He lived to see his old enemies his friends, and to receive from them, as from his former associates, honor, sympathy, and love.

The heroism of his last battle ! Who shall recount it ? Who shall thank sufficiently those who aided to sustain a life so precious, so long against such fearful adversaries ?

To this perfect soldier, this beloved friend, this earnest patriot, this dear companion, the Angel of the Lord, whom men call Death, brought at last the summons of release. He has crossed the river and is at rest.

Gone bodily from us, he is still ours, "for love can never lose its own," and we loved him with all our hearts.

There are in this Commandery some who were with him at the Point, some who knew him as lieutenant in the west, some who served on the same staff when he was quartermaster, some who rode beside him at Booneville, some who fought with him in the cedars of Stone River, some who strove with him to be first on the summit of Mission Ridge, some who made the Valley Campaign with him, some who helped him hold Dinwiddie and win Five Forks, some who later aided him in Texas or on the Plains.

Their circle narrows day by day.

We remember him at our table, in his headquarters, at the clubs, on the streets ; and our circle, too, is constantly getting smaller.

Our personal knowledge shall soon become tradition ; but our sons shall tell our tale of him to their sons, and they in turn to theirs, so that the memory of his valor, his skill, his loyalty, his friendship, shall ever be green ; for he is

"Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

All that is mortal of him shall be laid in Arlington near us. It

shall be the pious duty of this Commandery to care for the grave of its honored and loved Companion.

“When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck the hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.”

Time may efface that grave, or destroy the monumental stone that shall mark it. But no time can destroy, no convulsion overthrow the monument of the nation's grateful and loving remembrance of our Companion Philip H. Sheridan.

This Commandery, making sad record of the death of its illustrious member, our honored Companion, our beloved friend, Philip H. Sheridan, also records its gratitude that it was our privilege to know as one of our Commandery one whose life was such an example to the patriot and the soldier.

To his family, in their unspeakable loss, we extend our sincerest sympathy, and offer every assistance within our power.

In memory of our departed Companion we will wear the usual badge of mourning for the next thirty days.

CHARLES F. MANDERSON,
Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.V.

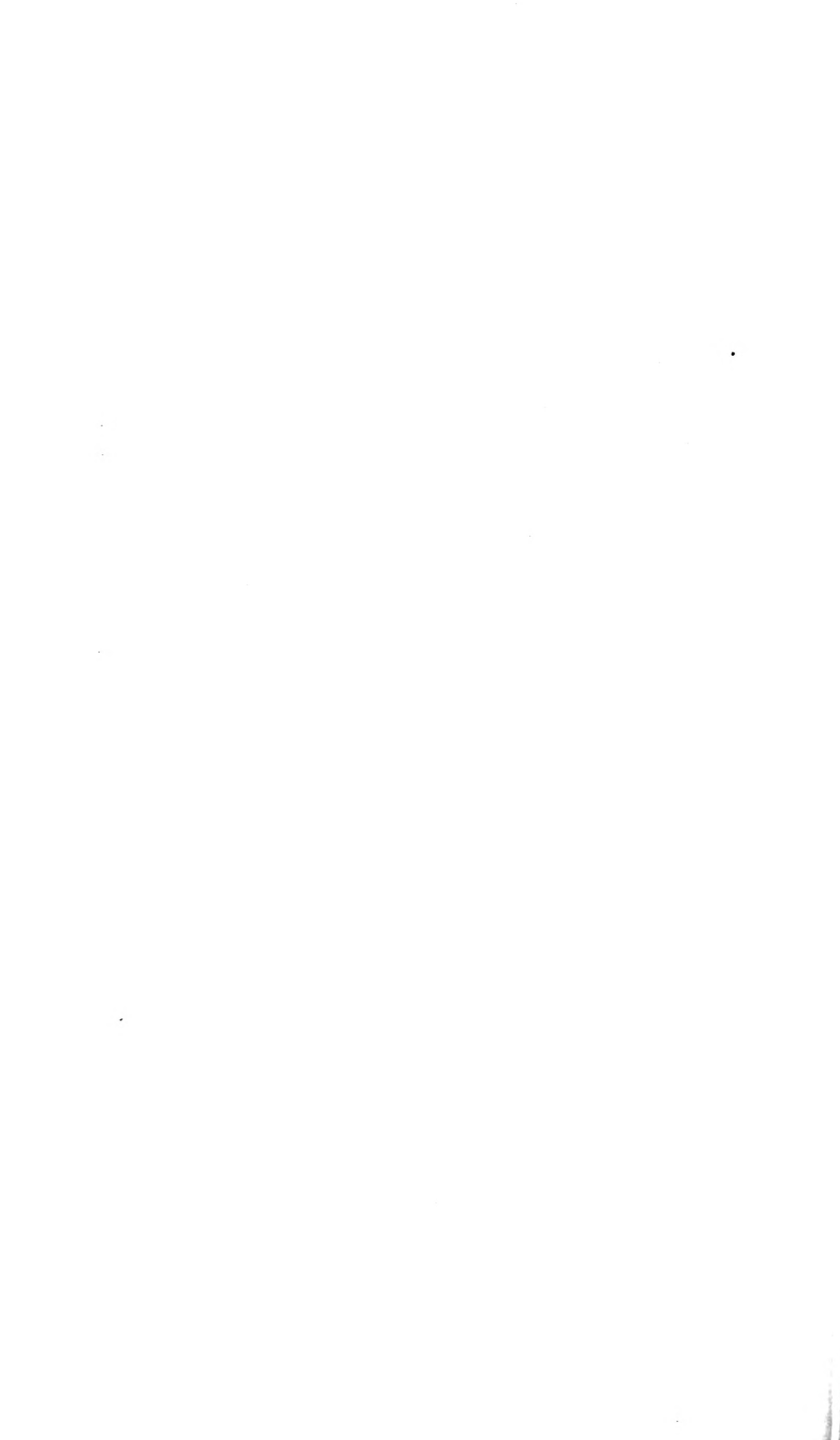
WM. PITKIN HUXFORD,
Brevet Major U.S.A.

CHARLES G. SAWTELLE,
Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.A.

BENJAMIN C. CARD,
Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.A.

REUBEN D. MUSSEY,
Brevet Brigadier-General U.S.V.

Committee.



Commandery of the State of Ohio

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Ohio

George Washington, U. S. Grant, Wm. T. Sherman, and Philip H. Sheridan are the only officers who were commissioned *General* of the United States Army.

General Sheridan was too eminent a citizen and soldier, too well known to his countrymen and to mankind generally, with a history and fame too wide spread to justify even a summary of his life and character in brief memorial pages.

For forty years (1848-1888), from cadet to general, he was in his country's service.

His humble birth and humble life to his cadetship, was not the least important in shaping his subsequent career. Though of foreign parentage, he was in youth imbued with the true spirit of Americanism, which possessed him in mature manhood in a marked degree. Patriotism or love of country was a part of him. The flag symbolized to him not a sentiment, but his whole country; and its preservation became when assailed, a work of love and devotion. The warm Irish blood flowing in his veins made service to his country a passion as well as a duty.

His naturally impetuous nature gave to his greater acts in life the appearance of inspirations rather than the result of calm deliberations.

When obeying the orders of his superiors, or executing his own will or plans, he proceeded with such enthusiasm as to lead his patriotic friends at times to attribute his success to luck, rather than to military skill and superior judgment.

His restless disposition in the presence of great impending events, coupled with his unquestioned bravery, made friend and foe at times regard him as only reckless.

His marvellous and uniform success on the battlefield was by some attributed to accident or good luck, rather than to great soldierly qualities.

Whatever of inspiration possessed him on great occasions was, however, based on superior judgment quickly formed; whatever of

undue enthusiasm he apparently exhibited in the face of the enemy could be charged up to confidence in his own and his soldiers' ability to surmount all difficulties and dangers and win success ; whatever of real or apparent recklessness he exhibited on the battlefield was attributable to his impetuous, inborn nature, and to a soldierly judgment that the surest method to defeat an enemy was to continually put him on the defensive ; whatever of seeming good luck attended his career belonged to that quality in a great soldier that by his self-volition he created his own good luck so uniformly that to others it had the semblance of the superhuman.

General Sheridan, with true soldierly instinct, preferred to attack the enemy and keep him employed rather than to allow him time to make combinations and execute his own plans.

A characteristic of General Sheridan not common to many other commanders on the field, and the one without doubt that enabled him to achieve success and fame, was the quality of being more self-possessed and fuller of resources and expedients in the tumult of the battle than at any other time. He gave conclusive evidence to those who observed him closely before and during a great and severely contested field engagement, of awakening to a higher degree of mental power, when danger was most imminent, than he displayed at any other time or under ordinary circumstances. His original plan of battle, as is common, through unforeseen causes might prove to be defective or become impracticable, yet he under such circumstances never became disconcerted or dismayed, and he was always fortunate enough to instantaneously make a new plan of battle or other new combinations which were executed to meet the exigencies, and to insure final and complete success.

Success and generalship are synonyms in war.

Sheridan earned an honorable name in Indian campaigns before the war, on the frontiers of the west.

His first active field service in the war was as a colonel of cavalry ; subsequently he commanded infantry in the southwest, not rising there above the command of a division.

Shortly after General Grant took command of all the armies of the United States, and on April 4, 1864, Sheridan was placed in command of the cavalry corps operating with the Army of the Potomac. At once his superiority as a cavalry officer showed itself. To confront him was the flower of the Confederate cavalry under an active, renowned leader, with other experienced officers under him. The pride of the South was in the efficiency and chivalry of its mounted soldiers, and their best were concentrated in the east.

General Sheridan decided to fight with the sword, and thenceforth the carbine and pistol became comparatively useless instruments in the hands of the enemy's cavalry; as in close conflicts or melee friend was as likely to be shot as foe, and the sabre, wielded by the strong-armed Northern soldier, was irresistible. When confronted by infantry he fought his cavalry dismounted, then using the carbine efficiently.

From the time this mode of warfare was put in practice to the end of the war, Sheridan's cavalry against a like arm of the service was invincible, regardless of any disparity of numbers. We have the recent testimony of the present Emperor of Germany that in the manner of fighting cavalry and in the mode of conducting campaigns, Sheridan has taught great military men new lessons in warfare.

The greatest soldiers of modern Europe, Von Moltke and others, and the most illustrious soldier of our own country, General Grant, have concurred in pronouncing Sheridan the most accomplished of the great field generals of the world.

General Sheridan, under his chief, General Grant, led the van in pursuit of General R. E. Lee's army from Richmond and Petersburg to Appomattox, and next to Grant contributed largely—more than any other officer—in compassing the surrender. His energy and endurance were remarkable. He could, when occasion required great efforts, endure for long periods great physical strain and loss of sleep.

He had a quality, somewhat rare, of uniform evenness in his acts, indispensable to greatness.

He has been so often called brilliant as a soldier that the fame which belongs to him has suffered.

Though possessed of what is called *dash* when applied to a soldier in the presence of the enemy, he studied and practiced the art of war, and did not disregard, but observed—when applicable to the changed conditions growing out of improved arms and modern tactics—the laws of war, learned from experience and the greatest soldiers. He was indulgent and careful of his command whenever circumstances permitted; but when a campaign was entered upon or a battle was in progress, he spared neither officers nor men, and inexorably exacted of his command the most extraordinary things.

He did not have any patience with mediocrity, and would not patiently listen to excuses for failure to discharge a duty or to obey an order. His whole estimate of what an officer with high command should be is shown by his statement under oath when questioned as to whether a general of a corps had not done his duty at the battle of Five Forks in doing what should have ordinarily been done by the

officer under the circumstances. Prior to his being questioned as to the duty of the officer, many soldiers of experience had testified that in their opinion any good officer would ordinarily have done as he did under the same circumstances. Sheridan said he might admit that ordinarily military men would have acted as the officer did, but it was not *ordinary* acts that he expected or that were required to win a battle, but extraordinary ones; that a corps commander who was only capable of ordinary things was not fit for his command and should be removed.

He interpreted the laconic order "*Push things*," sent to him by General Grant when he was in the advance in pursuit of General Lee's army on its retreat from Richmond, to require him to do all things possible and necessary to overthrow and capture the Confederate army.

He won fame as a skilful and brave soldier in the west, at and around Corinth, Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge.

From April 5, 1864, to April 9, 1865, twelve months, he fought twenty engagements in which he personally commanded, including some of the most sanguinary battles of the war; such as Opequan, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, in the Shenandoah Valley; Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, etc., in Southern Virginia; and there were fifty-two other, mainly cavalry battles, fought by his command, and chiefly under his orders. In many of these engagements his cavalry fought against infantry as well as cavalry.

History will record his acts and achievements on its indelible pages, to be read as long as bravery and soldierly deeds are the passports to renown.

In peace he proved himself equal to all the onerous duties cast upon him.

In all stations of life, both as a citizen and as a soldier, he discharged his duty and deserves well of his country and mankind.

As a husband and father he possessed and practiced the domestic virtues most to be admired by good people. His family loved him, and his friends everywhere, especially his soldier comrades in all stations in life, idolized him. Though he rose to the command of the Army of the United States, he never forgot his war comrades or his duty to them.

He was a member of the Societies of the Army of the Potomac, of the Army of the Cumberland, and of the Cavalry Corps, and he was a constant attendant at the meetings.

He loved to mingle with the soldiers of the Union at all their gatherings, and he was always in full sympathy with them.

He was a member of the Grand Army of the Republic, an organization wherein rank has no preference over the humblest private soldier, and the test of eligibility is service in and an honorable discharge from the United States Army.

He was a Companion in the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, where he was a frequent and welcome attendant, and fraternized with the Companions.

General Sheridan was a diffident man in social intercourse, and modest everywhere and under all circumstances, save in the presence of *duty* which fell to him to perform.

Though still young in years when death claimed him, his mission seemed to be fulfilled on earth; and few men had accomplished so much for his country as General Sheridan.

On the face of the hill-slope, on the south bank of the Potomac, in full view of the Capitol of his country, in Arlington, the greatest city of the soldier dead, amid that army of other soldiers who had also paid the penalty of devotion to country and duty and gone before, the great captain has been laid to rest, to awake with them only at the reveille call on the Judgment morning.

A nation of sixty millions of people now honor his name, and their posterity will continue to read the story of his deeds to the remotest ages.

His Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, next to his family, knew him best and will miss him most.

We now bring this feeble tribute to the renowned soldier, the faithful citizen, and our illustrious dead Companion.

J. WARREN KEIFER,
Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

WM. D. BICKHAM,
Major and Volunteer A. D. C.

WM. H. ENOCHS,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Michigan

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Michigan

Once more this Commandery is called to place upon its records a memorial page ; not in memory of a Companion simply, but for the second time in two years and a half, to mourn in common with all of our Order the loss of our Commander-in-Chief.

The career of General Sheridan occupies so conspicuous a place in our country's history that no recital thereof is necessary to those who have so long honored him. Yet, as he may be fairly said to have "won his spurs" as a cavalry leader with Michigan troops and under the authority of our Governor's commission, we feel it our prerogative to cherish a more than national pride in his success ; and in speaking of his remarkable career appreciate the privilege of placing upon our records an expression of our estimation of the priceless value of his services.

From his first important success at Booneville, Mississippi, to the last act in the great tragedy of war at Appomattox, having passed through the various grades from the command of a regiment of cavalry to the command of an army, he showed himself in a most marked degree the complete master of the art and science of war. Whether seen in the fierce contests of Stone River and Chickamauga, stoutly holding his position against repeated assaults in overwhelming numbers, or in the brilliant assault on Missionary Ridge sweeping away with resistless force obstacles that had seemed impassable, or in the larger fields of Winchester, Cedar Creek, and Five Forks, where the splendid management of his troops and his own personal gallantry and magnetism won such signal triumphs, we behold in each situation a great soldier, great enough indeed to be the master of any emergency which confronts him. As new and increased responsibilities were pressed upon him there was developed an enlarged capacity to meet them, until it can be said without extravagance that he became one of the marked and noted great soldiers of the world's history ; to use the words of the English press, "the peer of any soldier in Europe."

Let us devoutly and reverently thank God that in the hour of our country's great distress He gave us Sheridan.

Resolved, That we in words of sincere and honest sympathy extend to the family and relations of our deceased Companion our tender and respectful condolence in this their dark hour of bereavement, and that an official copy of this memorial be forwarded to them.

L. S. TROWBRIDGE,

Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

HENRY F. LYSTER,

Major and Surgeon U. S. V.

FREDERICK T. SIBLEY,

Committee,

Commandery of the State of Minnesota

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Minnesota

Philip Henry Sheridan, General commanding the armies of the United States, and Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, died August 5, 1888. Lifted by approved merit and magnificent achievement through successive gradations to rank among the foremost leaders in the struggle for national preservation, he has lived until now, wearing worthily the laurels he so nobly won, and witnessing the augmented prosperity of the land he so bravely defended. The eager gratitude of his admiring countrymen was ever in advance of his own modest self-assertion in appreciation of his soldierly qualities and in recognition of his splendid deeds. It is an added poignancy to their grief that his sudden removal, in the golden prime of his manhood, blights their expectation of lengthening future years in which to manifest their enduring regard by cumulative honors. While thus the nation mourns, there comes to the surviving companions of his illustrious service a keener pang. Within the sacred pale of that comradeship there is a sorrow none outside can measure, for it embosoms memories and loves and premonitions others cannot know.

Conscious of our incompetence to adequately express this sorrow, as we are confident that emblazoned history will do justice to his deathless fame, the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion records this memorial tribute to our departed Commander-in-Chief, and directs that a copy of same be forwarded by the Recorder to his widow, as a feeble testimonial of our participation in her bereavement.

THOS. H. RUGER,
Brigadier-General U. S. A.
JUDSON W. BISHOP,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.
A. B. NETTLETON,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.
EDWIN C. MASON,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. A.
HENRY A. CASTLE,
Captain U. S. V.
JOHN IRELAND,
Chaplain U. S. V.
JOHN P. REA,
Brevet Major U. S. V.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Oregon

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Oregon

This Commandery of the Loyal Legion has learned the death of its illustrious Commander-in-Chief, General Philip Henry Sheridan, with feelings of profound grief.

We had especial pride in his great fame, for in our midst and in defence of Oregon homes he began that brilliant career which only death could end.

In all that endears a friend and companion, that ennobles manhood, that marks a brave and virtuous soldier, a patriotic citizen, he was fit to be a model to his countrymen.

We cannot affect a resignation we do not feel, but deeply deplore the loss of our revered commander and beloved companion, cut down in the prime of a glorious life, when we had learned the value of his wisdom in our counsels and know that his place cannot be made good to us.

To his bereaved family we offer the consolation of our sympathy and tears, assuring them that these old officers of the Union Army, — many of whom have followed his plume in battle, — will cherish his memory as

“One of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.”

ALFRED F. SEARS, Major.

W. J. SHIPLEY, First Lieutenant.

B. B. TUTTLE, Captain.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Missouri

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Missouri

The life of our illustrious Companion and Commander-in-Chief of our Order affords a most striking exemplification of the grandest feature of our system of government, by which every man is free to attain any position to which his virtues, talents, patriotism and energy may entitle him. Without the aid of wealth or favor of the influential and powerful, Sheridan fairly won his way from the condition of a poor boy, up,—up round by round upon the ladder of fame,—to the exalted rank of General commanding all the armies of his country,—a distinction hitherto achieved by only two great soldiers of the Republic.

Quick of perception, instant in his conclusions, like the lightning's flash in execution, he seemed not to wait on slow-paced reason, but bounded to results as if by inspiration. Fifty-seven years was the measure of his life, thirty-five years of which was given to his country's service. The nation mourns its loss in him; his comrades who fought with him to uphold and establish forever the supremacy of the national authority, embalm his memory sacredly in their hearts. The people of the whole land bend in sorrow over his bier to-day, and in his country's history glowing pages will tell to coming ages of his deeds of valor, his acts of patriotism, and his fidelity to all the great principles which ennoble men and lend lasting glory to nations.

In this hour of sadness and grief our most sincere sympathy goes out to his loved ones at home, to his kindred, his companions of our Order, to his comrades in whose hearts he is enshrined by the memory of the part he bore in the great war for liberty and union, and to the American people in the loss which in common they have sustained in the death of the patriot, hero, soldier, our Companion and Commander-in-Chief.

THOS. C. FLETCHER,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.

JNO. D. STEVENSON,
Brevet Major-General U. S. V.

A. J. SMITH,
Major-General U. S. V.

H. M. POLLARD,
Major U. S. V.

J. G. BUTLER,
Major U. S. V.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Nebraska

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Nebraska

Whereas, The Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion for the State of Nebraska learns with inexpressible grief of the loss by death of its Commander-in-Chief;

Resolved, That we make this official and public expression of our admiration of his worth and virtues, and unfeigned sorrow for our loss;

We cherish for him endearing memories of his simplicity of character, of his courteousness alike to superior and inferior, and of his loyalty alike to country and to friends;

We pronounce exalted admiration for him as a typical soldier, a great captain, a masterly leader;

We reverence that conscientious fidelity which had no ambition for honors or preferments outside of his profession, and caused him to feel that as general-in-chief of the American army the highest honor of his country was attained;

America's history has no grander hero; the world's history has no sublimer patriot.

We mourn his loss to our companionship and to his country's service, to his painfully bereft family, and to that galaxy of military chieftains which is fast being obscured by the eclipse of time.

We tender to the loving and sorrowing family circle from which he is gone forever, our earnest sympathy and sincerest condolence;

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of these resolutions be furnished to the family of the deceased and to the Commandery-in-Chief of this Order.

GEORGE M. HUMPHREY,
Captain U. S. V.

Commander.

J. MORRIS BROWN,
Major and Surgeon U. S. A.

Recorder.

Commandery of the State of Kansas

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Kansas

The Commandery has heard with sorrow inexpressible of the death of its Commander-in-Chief, Philip Henry Sheridan. His last battle was his hardest, and his death his only defeat. His career was truly wonderful. Born in the humblest station, he died in the highest. He came into life with the adaptability of genius, and instinctively fitted his life to its surroundings ; or rather his nature was so catholic it found harmony in every phase of life with which it was brought in contact. When obscure and undistinguished he scrupulously fulfilled the duty that lay nearest to his hand ; and when, in the conflict of antagonistic principles and the shock of hostile armies, the opportunity came, the intuitions of his genius enabled him to seize it with a tenacious grasp and to attain the most exalted rank. In this there was no thought of self, no dream of vain glory or personal honors ; he considered only what was involved in the struggle. His patriotism was both an instinct and a devotion ; he belonged to his country and his race. No mere desire of fame clouded or obscured his intellectual horizon, but all his acts and utterances were broad as the land that gave him birth and pure as the starry banner under and for which he fought, struggled and suffered. His ability was soon appreciated by those above, and still more quickly by those below him. The common soldier—if there were any common soldiers in those days of high purposes and iron nerves—whether resting in the bivouac, toiling in the trenches or fighting in the battles, would follow him, convinced that triumph would be theirs if only *Sheridan* were their leader. They regarded him as the incarnate Genius of Victory, and never hesitated to follow wherever his spotless blade pointed the way. To them, too, he was no less a leader than an elder brother, and they loved him with a devotion beautiful in its simplicity and trust.

He was as cool in the storm of battle as upon parade, his eye like the eagle's flashing through cloud and smoke, his mind active and alert ready to form rapid combinations with instinctive comprehension of their results and quick to seize upon every resource that would aid in achieving victory.

When the battle was over no heart could be more tender in its sympathies, and no hand softer in its gentle ministrations to the suffering. It was this dual nature—a veritable storm in action, a ministering angel by the bedside of the wounded—which bound him to the hearts of the soldiers under his command, and won from them the endearing appellation of “*Little Phil*.”

No words of ours can augment his fame, nor will they avail to bewail his loss. His last deed on earth is done. His record is complete. No blot is there. It is as pure as the pages of the Book of Life. It is like the realization of an angel's dream for the imitation of those who follow him. His glory will not fade nor will he be forgotten until history shall have been obliterated.

In humble and heartfelt tribute to his memory, therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States of the State of Kansas, that our tenderest sympathies are respectfully offered to the bereaved widow and mourning children of our great Commander ;

Resolved, That in the death of General Sheridan the country has sustained an irreparable loss ; the army has been deprived of a devoted friend ; society of one of its brightest ornaments ; and the old soldiers of the war of a loving benefactor.

ANDREW J. SMITH,
Brevet Colonel U. S. V.

CHAS. W. BLAIR,
Brevet Brigadier-General U. S. V.

J. P. MARTIN,
Lieutenant-Colonel U. S. A.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Iowa

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Iowa

Since the last meeting of this Commandery, the death of Gen. Philip H. Sheridan, Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, has been chronicled.

In recognition of his patriotic career as an American, his distinguished services to the nation, his brilliant achievements in the suppression of the great rebellion, his genial companionship in this Order, and the love borne him by all true patriots, we pause with hushed breath and tear-dimmed eyes, to express our sense of the grievous loss thus brought upon his family, upon this Order, this nation, and this age.

Duty was his star, his country his hope. His career is his eulogy.

He was the one brilliant, unconquerable chieftain of modern times—loved by man, adored by woman, the idol of children.

Heroism ever attended him. Victory delighted to perch upon his banner. Patriotism carried his torch. Duty, as a winged messenger, guided him.

He never faltered. He never failed. He yielded only to death.

His achievements are written upon the brightest pages of history. His character, as an American, is as a red-letter day in the calendar of ages—it is an incentive to duty and high endeavor for all time.

Standing in silence and in grief, we tender to the family of our late and beloved Commander our sincerest sympathy in the great bereavement they have been called upon to bear.

In the prime of life, in the maturity of his splendid powers, at the head of the armies of the republic, he met the only enemy he could not conquer. Bravely he battled, but the summons could not be resisted by all his courage, backed by the prayers of a grateful people. He is gone, but the world is better for his having lived. His name and fame are the heritage of this nation and the world; his career a splendid tribute to the genius of our government, which can command such sons in days of peril. May his memory be loyally cherished and the generations yet to come be worthy such a hero.

HENRY H. ROOD, First Lieutenant and Adjutant.
ELI WILKIN, Major.
C. E. PUTNAM, Captain.
CHAS. L. WATROUS, Captain.
JOHN A. T. HULL, Captain.
FRED. S. WHITING, Captain.
A. N. NICHOLS, Major.
V. P. TWOMBLY, Captain.
CHAS. L. LONGLEY.
M. A. HIGLEY, Captain.
WM. P. HENDERSON, Captain.
JOHN HOOD, Captain.
MILTON RUSSELL, Captain.
GEO. S. BACON, Captain.
HOYT SHERMAN, Major.

Committee.

Commandery of the State of Colorado

In Memoriam

PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

Commandery of the State of Colorado

Whereas, The Colorado Commandery of the Loyal Legion has been called upon to mourn the death of their beloved Commander-in-Chief, General Philip Henry Sheridan, the General of the United States Army, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of General Sheridan we recognize the loss of a steadfast friend, an uncompromising patriot, the ideal soldier, unmurmuring in obedience, swift and terrible in execution, firm in discipline, wise and discreet in counsel, consummate in tactical skill ; in his every battle the incarnate genius of war, with his troops in a noble rage, sending the enemy whirling in confusion and dismay from the field ; the nation's pride, and one of the truest and bravest defenders in the gigantic struggle for its life.

Resolved, That the name of Sheridan, one of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die, will forever brighten the pages of history whereon are recorded the deeds of matchless heroism ; will be an example and inspiration for every loyal American youth, and a synonym of victory in the contest for the maintenance of liberty, justice and equal rights with every people in all the ages to come.

Resolved,

That we, his waiting companions,
Will not fear for our Sheridan ;
“ But on these lower fields
We will labor with arms unstained,
That we may be worthy to stand with him
On the shining heights he has gained.
We will meet and greet in closing ranks,
In time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the battle of life is won.”

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our late Commander-in-Chief, that home of which he was the life

and light, with a soldier's pledge that his stricken ones will always be the objects of tenderest solicitude and sympathy by his surviving Companions of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

W. T. CLARK, Brevet Major-General.

S. H. HASTINGS, Colonel.

GEORGE ADY, First Lieutenant.

Committee.

The Commandery-in-Chief

In Memoriam



PHILIP HENRY SHERIDAN

GENERAL UNITED STATES ARMY

The Commandery-in-Chief

(Extract from Journal Fourth Annual Meeting, 1888.)

Senior Vice-Commander-in-Chief Rutherford B. Hayes, presiding, spoke as follows :

Companions :

Since the organization of the Commandery-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States, October 21-22, 1885, the chief office of our Order has twice been made vacant by death.

Philip Henry Sheridan was born in Perry County, Ohio, March 6, 1831. He died at Nonquitt, Massachusetts, August 5, 1888. More than forty years, his whole life after childhood, were spent in the military service of his country.

The following is a summary of his rank, with dates, from cadet to general :

Cadet U. S. Military Academy July 1, 1848 ; Brevet Second Lieutenant 1st U. S. Infantry July 1, 1853 ; Second Lieutenant 4th Infantry November 22, 1854 ; First Lieutenant March 1, 1861 ; Captain 13th Infantry May 14, 1861 ; vacated commission October 12, 1864.

Colonel 2d Michigan Cavalry May 25, 1862 ; discharged for promotion September 29, 1862.

Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers July 1, 1862 ; Major-General December 31, 1862 ; vacated commission in volunteer service November 8, 1864.

Brigadier-General U. S. Army September 20, 1864 ; Major-General U. S. Army November 8, 1864, "for the personal gallantry, military skill, and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of his troops, displayed by him on the nineteenth day of October, at Cedar Creek, whereby, under the blessing of Providence, his routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted, and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battles within thirty days."

The Senate and House of Representatives of the United States

of America in Congress assembled, Resolved (joint resolution approved February 9, 1865), that the thanks of Congress are hereby tendered

“To Major-General P. H. Sheridan and the officers and soldiers under his command, for the gallantry, military skill, and courage displayed in the brilliant series of victories achieved by them in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and especially for their services at Cedar Creek on the nineteenth day of October, 1864, which retrieved the fortunes of the day and thus averted a great disaster.”

Lieutenant-General U. S. Army March 4, 1869; vacated commission June 1, 1888.

General U. S. Army June 1, 1888.

Elected May 6, 1868, in the Commandery of Pennsylvania. Class 1. Insignia 750.

Transferred to Commandery of Illinois May 1, 1879—Charter member.

Commander of the Commandery of Illinois May 8, 1879, to November 7, 1883.

Transferred to Commandery of District of Columbia October 20, 1886.

Commander-in-Chief of the Order October 20, 1886, to August 5, 1888.

Washington, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan are the only officers who were ever commissioned *General* of the United States Army.

Since Napoleon the First the military historian can find no man with a more brilliant war record than that of Philip H. Sheridan. His life as a soldier has noble advantages over that of even Napoleon himself. His service was against *American* soldiers of training, of experience, and of tried courage. They were, in Sheridan's last splendid campaign, under a leader who lacked only a good cause to have won a pure and imperishable fame. Better still, his service was in the interest of liberty, and of good government, and of peace. He fought for his country and for all mankind. And finally, it was the crowning good fortune of his life to know that the cause for which he fought was completely and permanently triumphant.

A full narrative of the incidents of Sheridan's life—of his deeds and words—would be far too protracted for this occasion. You will, however, I am sure, pardon me for repeating here a brief sketch of his military life, from his own lips, as it was heard six or seven years ago by his comrades of the Loyal Legion of the Commandery of Illinois, at a banquet in his honor in the city of Chicago.

“While you seem,” he said, “to be willing to accord to me high

L. of G.

praise, I, at least, do not forget that a general, no matter how brilliant may be his military genius, is nothing without good officers and men. I am, therefore, comrades, willing to bow my head and acknowledge that what has come to me has been by the assistance of such gallant officers and men as are represented here to-night by this Commandery. There never was, in my judgment, so effective a body of officers and men as the armies of the Union at the close of our rebellion.

“It has been my fortune to have witnessed the hostile operations of large bodies of trained soldiers in continental Europe since the close of our war, and while they were steady under fire, youthful in looks, handsomely uniformed and well equipped, they had not the experience or the resources of the ragged veterans who marched through Washington at the close of the war.

“It may be proper, considering the occasion, to refer to myself, and I will therefore say that I came home from among the Indians along the Columbia River in the distant State of Oregon, some eight months after the War of the Rebellion had commenced, having just been promoted from a first lieutenant to the rank of captain, and with the love of my country dearest in my heart. I was young, healthy, and vigorous; so well hardened by my mountain service it now seems to me when I look back on what I went through that I must have been almost insensible to fatigue. I became the Chief Quartermaster and Chief Commissary of the Army of the Southwest, and carried that army forward until after the battle of Pea Ridge. I then returned, and by links it would be too tedious on this occasion to dwell upon, found myself at Shiloh, three or four days after the famous battle there, when I became the Colonel of the Second Michigan Cavalry. I had never seen the regiment, had never met any of the officers except Major Alger and the Quartermaster, and only met them when they brought me the telegram announcing me as the colonel of the regiment.

“I was made its colonel on the morning of the day I joined the regiment, which was after dark, and at nine o'clock p.m. marched with it on the Booneville raid, and burned the trains in rear of the rebel army at Booneville. An opening had now come, and I believed I could make the most of it by being an honorable, truthful soldier. I knew no one in authority to help me, and if I had, I think I would have preferred to rely on myself and the men and officers I commanded for any future which might come to me. I therefore thought I would make the best colonel I could without looking for anything higher unless I could win it. Success so far attended me that in less than one

month I was a brigadier-general of volunteers. When I became a brigadier-general I thought I would make the best one I could. A division of infantry came to my command, in what afterwards became the old Army of the Cumberland, and that division made me major-general before the year was up, December 31, 1863, at Stone River. While in command of this old division, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and the campaign into East Tennessee came on, in all of which the division did so well that I was transferred to the Army of the Potomac to command the magnificent cavalry corps of that Army. With it I led the advance of Grant's victorious army through the Wilderness and down to Petersburg. Still retaining the command of the cavalry corps, which I did until the end of the war, I was transferred to the Valley of the Shenandoah to command the army of that name. For the first battle I fought I was made brigadier-general in the regular army, and for the third battle—just one month afterward—I was made a major-general in the regular army.

“Events went on, and in the early spring of 1865, abandoning temporarily the command of the Middle Military Division and the Army of the Shenandoah, I put myself at the head of the cavalry corps and started to join Sherman's army in South Carolina, but failing to cross my command over the James River on account of high water, I thought I would do the next best thing, go down and join Grant at Petersburg, and again led the advance of the armies of General Grant in the last campaign against Lee. You all know, comrades, what occurred in that campaign.

“My friends, by following my remarks, you will see that the cavalry made me a brigadier-general in the volunteer service at Booneville; then the infantry a major-general at Stone River. The cavalry and infantry, at the battle of Opequan, near Winchester, made me a brigadier-general in the regular army; and the cavalry, infantry, and artillery, at Cedar Creek, commonly known as the battle of Winchester, made me a major-general in the regular army; and it was to me, while in command of cavalry and infantry, that the white flag was presented at Appomattox in token of surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by General Lee, on the morning of April 9, 1865.

“All these promotions and successes came to me, and I now say, before this Commandery, that there is not a scrap of paper existing which will show that I ever asked for any one of them. They were won for me by the troops I had the honor to command. It has been said that I was rash; that I was dashing and reckless. I say in reply, that there never was an officer more careful of his troops. I never lost

a man without a just equivalent if I could help it. There never was an officer who was more painstaking to obtain information of the enemy, his strength, and his intentions than I was. I took good care of my men. I encamped them well. I watched their rations and their comforts, and when we fought the enemy I showed the men the confidence of victory from my knowledge of the enemy and my confidence in them. I probably should not speak so much about myself, but it should be remembered that I was the Chief Quartermaster and the Chief Commissary of the Army of the Southwest at the battle of Pea Ridge ; a cavalry commander in Mississippi with the Army of the Tennessee ; an infantry commander in Kentucky and Tennessee with the Army of the Cumberland ; a cavalry commander in Virginia with the Army of the Potomac ; an infantry and cavalry commander in the Valley of the Shenandoah ; and a cavalry and infantry commander in the last campaign against Lee, ending at Appomattox ; that I was constantly changing from one arm of the service to another, and constantly changing from different sections of the country to others, with new lines of operations to study and operate on, new men to command who had no acquaintance with me ; that I had to overcome the natural jealousies of sections and the jealousies engendered from an infantry officer commanding cavalry.

“All my war commissions, comrades, have the date of a battle, except my present one of Lieutenant-General, which was given for all.”

It must be confessed that this is a wonderful and attractive story. Truthful in all its parts, it does but scant justice to its hero. It was my good fortune to serve under Sheridan in the Army of the Shenandoah—at first in command of a brigade of the old Kanawha Division of the Army of West Virginia, and afterwards in command of that division. We came under the command of Sheridan in the famous Valley after midsummer in 1864. We had served under a long list of commanders. The intelligence and shrewdness of the rank and file, with their long and varied experience, enabled them with a quick and unerring judgment to take the measure of the new commander. It was amazing the promptness with which they found him out, and he easily understood them. I have quoted from his speech to a society of officers. A few of his off-hand words to the men in the ranks will show his relations with them. Two years ago, at Portsmouth, Ohio, I had the pleasure of presenting him to a great gathering of his old soldiers. He said : —

“Comrades of the Army of West Virginia : I did not come here to make a speech. I came out here to meet my old comrades and to

shake hands with them and be with them on this occasion, because the Army of West Virginia helped to put these stars upon my shoulders that are there now." . . . "Who is it that gave me these things? It was the men who carried the muskets who were the true heroes of the war. I have nobody that I am indebted to except the soldier who carried the musket, and I say here that I am indebted to the Army of West Virginia for some of these successes. I thought I would come here and make my obligations good to you. I am glad to be here with you. You are my comrades. We tented together, lived together, and whenever the enemy came I always staid with you. When I came back to Winchester and found that you were in trouble, I met some of the boys coming back. That didn't stop me. I didn't square off and let the boys take the results. But I went down there and was willing to share anything that might happen to them. I was honest, fair and square about it all the time. I come here as your friend and companion, and feel indebted to you, and hope you will have a happy time. I am not much on talking, but am pretty good on shaking hands. I would like to shake hands with every man in the Army of West Virginia, and will do it if you will give me a chance."

I need not say that this short speech created the utmost enthusiasm, and was followed by great cheering and by a great hand-shaking. After it was over, and after Sheridan had left, I was called on to say something about Sheridan. What was then said was off-hand, but I do not now care to change it: "I am in the habit of speaking of Sheridan as *the Battle General of the War*. Whenever you think of him it is of Sheridan in battle; you think of him as the hero of a victory. You, my comrades, are called on to give testimony as witnesses to the great skill, courage, and comprehensive military genius of Sheridan. Not that there is any reason to defend Sheridan or his conduct in any of his battles. It is one of the peculiar characteristics of his military career that his victories were so complete and their results so decisive that there is no controversy about them. We have had recited here that stirring poem of Thos. Buchanan Read; and as it is recited we are delighted with it. But is it true? It is poetry, but is it a fact? We are here to say to this great audience what we know about it. I suspect that there are more men present to-night who know about that battle from beginning to end, from the sad and sorrowful disaster in the morning to the glorious victory of the evening, than perhaps will ever be gathered in one place again. The tendency of this poetical view of Sheridan's Ride is to diminish rather than to enhance the greatness of the victory and the value of his conduct on that occasion.

We know perfectly well that he being absent, the army in the morning was surprised. Nobody disputes it. I see a great many faces that were surprised that morning. But as daylight came and the fog drifted away, and the great percentage of stragglers that went to the rear had gone, the grand army that remained gradually got the better of the surprise and were surprised no longer. Gradually each brigade, each division, each corps, came to a stop and compelled the enemy to stop also. But there we were, a part of our artillery captured, and it was a question whether we could get off without further loss. I don't speak to criticise anybody. We all know how General Crook stood. There were those in the army who believed that by ten or eleven o'clock the time had come when we should go back and recapture our camps, but no movement was made. When the knowledge came to us that Sheridan was in Winchester, that knowledge brought comfort and hope and faith to every heart that knew Sheridan. He never left any part of his army or any commander of any part of his army to get out of any scrape he might get into. He felt that his duty was to help every man out of trouble that belonged to his army. And we understood with perfect faith that when Sheridan learned that his army was engaged at Cedar Creek, he would come with the swiftest horse he could procure, and that was what we were waiting for. Of course the hours passed slowly. We were waiting and hoping and believing, and finally when he came and we saw the black horse down the pike, and saw the approaching stragglers, the return of our leader was equal to anything ever told in history, poetry, or fiction; for we knew that when he reached the front, victory was not far off. And so it turned out. And now the essential part of the poem is this: The horse and the rider, returning to that field, gave to the Army of the Shenandoah and to the Union one of its most splendid victories. And that is but a plain matter-of-fact statement of the facts as we know them. Perhaps, the next great operations in which he was engaged were that series of marches and battles which terminated in the surrender of Lee at Appomattox. And as that history shall be studied more and more in after years, the military ability and success of Sheridan will rise higher and higher in the estimation and judgment of every man. This, my friends, is the testimony that we of the Army of the Shenandoah are called upon to give. Am I not right?"

He is a rare man who can rise above the profession in which he is bred and to which he has devoted his life. This is especially true of one so greatly distinguished in the profession of his choice as General Sheridan was. In the last speech I ever heard him make—at the Cen-

ennial of the Constitution in this city a year ago—he exhibited a largeness of views and a liberality very creditable to his understanding and character. “There is,” he said, “one thing we should appreciate, and that is that the improvement in guns and in the material of war, in dynamite and other explosives, is rapidly bringing us to a period when war will eliminate itself—when we can no longer stand up and fight each other in battle, and when we will have to resort to something else. Now what will that something else be? It will be *arbitration*. I mean what I say when I express the belief that if any one now here could live until the next Centennial he would find that *arbitration will rule the world*.” We can not mistake the significance of those weighty and beneficent words. The man who so confidently predicts peace on earth states clearly enough his own hope and his own faith. What other warrior, so illustrious, ancient or modern, ever enrolled himself among the friends and advocates of peace?

His surviving Companions of the Loyal Legion will always recall with peculiar satisfaction and pride his relations with our Order. When he was chosen Commander-in-Chief he sent to us the following dispatch;—

WASHINGTON, D. C., October 20, 1886.

I have this moment (seven p. m.) received your telegram informing me that I have been unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief of the Loyal Legion—the news has filled my heart with great joy. My telegram of to-day explains my absence. I will be faithful and honorable, and try to merit the confidence reposed in me by a society the most distinguished and intelligent in this country.

P. H. SHERIDAN.

I will come to Philadelphia on the seven o'clock train to-morrow morning.

P. H. SHERIDAN.

The next day, on his investiture as Commander-in-Chief, he spoke as follows;—

“Companions of the Commandery-in-Chief:

“Your action in choosing me the Commander-in-Chief of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States has come to me so unexpectedly that I can only return you my sincere and heartfelt thanks. I highly appreciate the great honor you have conferred on me, and can only repay you by a diligent performance of the duties which may fall upon me.

“I will do all I can to promote the best interests of the Order, and to promote its honor and high character.”

Those who have known Sheridan longest and best confidently believe that the day will never come when the historian of America will cease to linger and to dwell with delight on the character and deeds of the Companion we have lost.

Poets and artists will vie with each other in perpetuating his inspiring and magnetic presence at Cedar Creek, at Five Forks, and on other stricken fields. The Plutarch of the future will preserve his stirring battle-speeches, dispatches, and bulletins. The military critic will always find in Sheridan one of the finest examples of impetuosity and dash joined to prudence and sound judgment, and to that thoroughness which is never content until every legitimate result of success is safely gathered.

With all the essential virtues of the soldier, our beloved Companion possessed also those personal traits which are the ornament and charm of comradeship, and the tenderness and thoughtfulness for others which make homes happy.

In the fitting words of our Companions of the Commandery of Nebraska, we shall always "cherish for him endearing memories of his simplicity and sincerity of character, of his kindness alike to superior and subordinate, and of his loyalty alike to country and to friends. We admire in him that conscientious fidelity which had no ambition for honors or preferments outside of his profession, and which caused him to feel that as Commander-in-Chief of the American army the highest honor of his country was attained.

"We mourn his loss to our companionship and to his country's service.

"We tender to the loving and sorrowing family circle from which he is gone, our earnest sympathy and our sincere affection."

JUN 25 1903

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